A MARYLAND ESTATE.

How the Negroes Were Provided for -- Their Allowance of Food and Clothing.

Fred Douglass, in his autobiography, thus describes the management of a Maryland estate, in the times of slavery : The men and the women slaves on Col. Lloyd's farm received as their monthly allowance of food eight pounds of pickled pork or their equivalent in fish. The pork was often tainted and the fish was of the poorest qualityherrings-which would bring very little if offered for sale at any northern market. With their pork or fish they had one bushel of Indian meal, unbolted, of which about 15 per cent. was fit only to feed pigs. With this one pound of salt was given, and this was the entire monthly allowance of a fullgrown slave, working constantly in the open field from morning till night every day in the month except Sunday, and living on a fraction more than a quarter of a pound of meat per day and less than a peck of corn meal per week. The yearly allowance of clothing consisted of two tow-linen shirts, such as the coarest crash towels are made of; two pairs of trousers, one for summer and one for winter; one winter jacket, one pair of varn stockings, and only one pair of shoes. The slave's entire apparel could not have cost more than \$8 a year.

"The little boys and girls were nearly all in a state of perfect nudity. A coarse blanket, such as cover horses, was their only bed. The little children stuck themselves in holes and corners about the quarters, often in the corner of the huge chimneys, with their feet in the ashes to keep them warm. More slaves were whipped for oversleeping than for any other fault. Neither age nor sex found any favor. The overseer stood at the quarter-door armed with the stick and cowskin, ready to whip any who was a few minutes behind time. Young mothers who worked in the field were compelled to take their children with them, and to leave them in the corner of the fence to prevent loss of time in nursing them. But in the great house of Col. Lloyd the table groaned under the heavy and blood-bought luxuries, gathered with painstaking care at home and abroad. Fields, forests, rivers and seas were made tributary there. Fifteen servants waited on the groaning table, some armed with fans to cool the heated brows of the alabaster ladies there. Splendid coaches were in the stable, beside gigs, phætons, barouches, sulkies and sleighs, silver-mounted harness and thirty-five fine horses."

A Banker's Family Traveling Coach.

[Chicago Times.] A coach in which a banker of Pennsylvania is traveling with his family is described as follows: The outside has seats for three in front and two back; two large lamps are on each side of the front seat, and one large headlight is on the dashboard. Heré also are a clock, an ax, a knife, a pistol and other things. On the left side of the coach, near the box, is a private locker conviands. On top is a large willow trunk, immediately back of which the tent, camp chairs and the outside inward. The sweet corn blankets are stored. Under the back step is a place for another large willow trunk, hanging behind which is a stepladder to be used by ladies when taking seats on the outside of the coach. In side the boot all kinds of cooking utensils are packed. On the side of the coach are willow cases for canes, umbrellas, fishing rods and guns. Inside are two roomy seats facing each other, accommodating six persons. In the cushions of the doors are map pockets, and on the cushioned walls hang a thermometer, a barometer, a compass, a clock, night lamp and match box, and near the top are racks filled with note paper and envelopes. The vehicle weighs only 1,370 pounds, and the reins are handled by the owner, who generally makes from twenty-five to forty miles daily. The party go into camp at 12 o'clock. The horses are then picketed better without the alcohol." and the camp fire is kindled.

A Submarine Balloon. [Cassell's Magazine,]

At the forthcoming international exhibition of Naples will be exhibited in action a submarine observatory, or balloon, which will sink people to the bottom of the Mediterranean shore waters, where they can enjoy the natural aquaria there to be seen. It is a balloon of steel, with three compartments -one for the actuating mechanism and heating bladder, one for the captain, and one for the passengers, to the number of eight. There are glass windows for looking out at the fishes, shells and weeds, and the height of the balloon in the water is regulated at will by means of a collapsible bladder. A telephone connects the balloon, which is captive and can not float away, with the shore or a boat above.

Cunning Conjurers, ? 8

[Chicago Times.] The performances by the Davenport brothers and other spirits are clamsy compared with the acts of the far northwest Indians. The conjurors are legion that will permit themselves to bound, not merely hand and foot, but the whole body swathed with thongs, withes, ropes and rawhides, and afterward tied up in a net, and then release themselves almost instantly on being placed in a little "medicine lodge" of skins, constructed for the purpose, the bonds being thrown out through an opening in the top, without a knot being apparently disturbed.

The Coming Trotter.

[New York Tribune.] When the world sees a trotter cover a mile in one minute and forty seconds, a feat accomplished by more than one thoroughbred, it will see a wholly new what do you know about war?" type, so different from the present animal that the theory of evolution will never stretch far enough to cover the

A Fortune Waits.

A fortune awaits the man who will invent a penholder that you can't stick into the mucilage-bottle, and a mucilage brush that won't go into the inkstand.

There is a man in New York who manufactures diamonds for actresses to lose. They are sold at so much a quart. create much and cost little.

Courageous Princess Louise.

Montreal Cor. Scranton (Pa.) Republican.] Her royal highness is very fond of sunshine, and the early morning visitor is welcomed by flinging back the curtains 'the first thing of the day." Every morning before breakfast the princess takes a walk of three miles over the estate of the government house and the road beyond, walking briskly over the snow in winter, aided by a cane and accompanied by a favorite dog. She is nore fond of sketching and painting than other accomplishments, but she is what the Germans call a notable housewife, and goes into the kitchen every morning to give orders for the day. The Canadian servants did not at all like this and rebelled, so her ladyship got out servants from "home" who were more used to the expression of supreme

Like many energetic people, the princess is hot tempered, and the servants were disposed to think her as peremptory as the queen in the story of "Alice in Wonderland," who ordered heads off" at every moment. She sets an example of industry, and certainly considers life quite worth living, as she sets apart for her work or recreation specified regular hours. She has music playing in some part of the house nearly all the time, though the early morning strains are those most grateful to her husband's Scotch ear-the bag-pipe. Lord Lorne has his own favorite piper with him. The princess is a good cook, and takes pride in this accomplishment. At her dinners en famille some one pretty, delicious dish is sure to have been cooked under her own supervision

or prepared by her own hands. Some time ago a young woman and er babe who were visiting the princess, were taken ill of scarlet fever, caused by defective drainage, they say. None the servants would go the sick woman's room, being afraid of the infection. The princess herself cooked all the food and carried it with her own hands to the sick visitor. She made the bed, smoothed the pinows, read and talked to her patient, and nursed the mother back to life, though the little one died and was buried in the cemetery near the hall.

The Races of Corn.

[Prof. Sturtevant.] There are a number of distinct races of Zea mays, L., the corn plant, which receives popular recognition by comnon names. Such are the Pops, Flints, Dents, Sweets, Tuscarora or Softs, and the curious variety known as the husk or podded corn. These differ from ach other more or less, in the structare of the kernel, and in the habit of ripening and growth. The flint corn kernel, when split open, is found to show three structures the chit, or germ, ying in a starchy substance, which is surrounded by a corneous envelope. This corn ripens from outward inward. The dent corn has the chit, the starch, and the corneous envelope, but the corneous portion occupies the sides, while at the terminal portion the starch comes to the surface. This kind of corn ripens from within outward. The Tuscarora or soft corn is composed of the hit, and a starchy portion, the corn portion being absent. This ripens from shows the chit and the corneous portion without visible starch. To these four ypes we can at present refer all the kinds that we know of, and these types preserve a constancy which is truly

Raisins Better than Wine.

remarkable

[The Continent.] According to Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, and of ourse eminent in his profession, it is etter in case of fatigue from overwork o eat raisins than to resort to alcohol. In his testimony before the lords' commission in London, a few months ago, he affirmed "that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food; and they would be very much added, as to the form of food he himself resorts to, "in case of fatigue from overwork, I would say that if I am thus fatigued my food is very simple-I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. For thirty years I have had large experience in this practice. I have ecommended it to my personal friends. It is a limited experience, but I believe it is a very good and true experience.' This is valuable testimony; we know of none better from medical sources; and we commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all those who are in the habit of resorting to "a little wine for thy stomach's sake."

Signs of Longevity

[Chicago Herald.] Lord Bacon, generally regarded as the keenest observer and profoundest thinker who has appeared on this planet, wrote much on longevity. His signs of short life are quick growth, fair, soft skin, soft, fine hair, early corpulence, large head, short neck, small nouth, fat ear, brittle, separated teeth. Some of his signs of long life are slow growth, hard, coarse hair, rough, reckled skin, deep furrows in the forenead, firm flesh with veins lying high, wide nostrils, large mouth, hard, gristly ear, strong, contiguous teeth. He adds that early gray hair is not significant, some of the longest livers having turned gray in early life.

But with Dignity.

[Chicago Tribune.] Grocer, who has lately joined the militia, practicing in his shop: "Right, left, right, left. Four paces to the rear, march!"-falls down trap door into the cellar. Grocer's wife, anxiously: "O, Jim, are you hurt?" Grocer, savagely, but with dignity: "Go away, woman,

Mormon Growth.

[Chicago Herald.] According to Mormon figures, in the last six months 781 Mormons have died. 2,300 Mormon children have been born, and the Utah membership numbers 127,294, distributed in 23,000 families. The most astounding item is the number of new members, 23,040, an increase Tommy. of 20 per cent.

Fuller: Chose such pleasures as re-

"OLD HICKORY'S" FARWELL.

Andrew Jackson's Last Hours in the White Mouse.

[Joaquin Miller.]

How many strange, old-new stories one finds down here among these anient people! And how many curious elics of days "before the war, sah." In the last month of President Jackson's administration, he called in a young artist, whom I am not permitted to name pow, to do a miniature of his deceased wife on ivory. This young man was but 19, and the old soldier eems to have taken him quite to his neart, from the letters and other things he has preserved. The last few days of Jackson's administration he kept the artist constantly with nim and at work on the miniature. Every hour the hero of New Orleans would come and look over his shoulder in his deep concern about the progress of the work. The room occupied, which was the general's private office at the time, was the one on the right, immediately at the head of the main stairway. The artist-now a gray, old Virginian, and eminent in quite another walk of life-says that in these last few days the president was left quite alone. The flies that buzz about to suck the sweets of office had flown to his successor. The king is dead; long live the king. President Jackson had nothing more to bestow, and so was left in almost entire solitude. The general would not let the artist go away, but kept him at his side in the private office, even to the last hour, while he looked over and destroyed his papers. As he came to the last one he glanced at it, let it fall in his hand heavily for a

room, took a cob pipe, filled it and set down, smoking a long time in silence. The artist also made at the time a miniature on ivory of Jackson, which he still has in his possession. The face is heavier, fuller, than we are accusomed to see in steel cuts and paintings. The chin is prominent, massive, almost double; the hair is very thick, bristling,

moment, then raised it up, tore it in

two and threw it on the floor, where

bits of paper already lay many inches

deep. Then springing up the old man

threw his two hands out, banged them

down and said: "There, thank God, that

is the last of it, the very last of it; and

now I am going home to spend the re-

mainder of my days at my dear Hermit-

age." Saying this he walked across the

and like snow.

Flowers in Paris.

[Letter in New York Times.] I must confess the passion for flowers is highly developed in Paris. From the flowers in the public square, where he goes for a breath of fresh air, to the flower pot in his little room, which he waters every night or morning, there is but a step, so to speak, and, moreover, one may find flower markets in all parts of the wonderful city, not to mention the elegant shops, like that which I have already named, and the hand-carts which ugly old women push before | never looked back!" them in every street and avenue. The Quai aux Fleures, the Madeleine, the place de la Republique and certain arts of the outer boulevards are many open air markets where the flagstones and asphaltum have been carpeted with verdure and enameled with roses, geraniums, camellias, dablias, azalias and other lovely gifts of the goddess Flora.

It was Cato, I think, who wished to make it obligatory on every Roman citizen to have a flowering plant to look after and the Parisian of to-day would seem to have adopted his principles. The average Parisian, it is true, does not go beyond the fortifications, but it does not require much in order to give him the sensation of the country, the odor of the flower and the shadow of love. A lilae bush which will soon burst into blossom and which stands in an earthen pot on his mantelpiece with two handfuls of hawthorns that he gathered himself along the ancient walls, suffice to realize his ideas of a terrestrial paradise. Mirabeau said one day when he was showing his garden to Argenteuil: "Flowers are the poetry of gardens," but I think Jules Claretie has improved on Mirabeau by calling them "the poetry of Paris."

Too Sweet for Anything.

[Boston Gazette.] A tiny-very tiny-pig was served at a fashionable dinner the other evening; and when he was placed on the table a howl went up from the assembled rank and fashion surrounding him. The little beast stood on his own hoofs in the midst of a bed of Marshal Neil roses; in his rosy snout was the customary lemon. and twisted in his small tail was a blue pond lily. He was pronounced too sweet for anything, was duly cut up and tasted, and the health of the Chinese cook was duly drunk in champagne.

A Perpetual Clock.

[Chicago Times.] A perpetual clock was started at Brussels a little over a ye rago. An up draft is obtained in a tube or shaft by exposing it to the sun; this draft turns a fan, which winds up the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, when it actuates a brake that stops the an, but leaves it free to start again after the weight has gone down a little. At the last of June the clock was running perfectly, after having been in motion for nine consecutive months.

Queer Oil Springs.

[New York Sun.] "Venezuela has boiling oil springs, California has got an oil spring that von't flow a drop of oil in the dark of the moon, and Wyoming has oil wells that are their own storage tanks, and I've see 'em all," sa'd Capt. Jared Flower, of Venango county, in the Aster house rotunda. He has just returned from a two years' tour of investigation of alleged oil fields in South America, on the Pacific coast, and in other localities.

The Right of Conquest.

[Arkansaw Traveler.] "Why do you make such a face intaking that medicine?" asked a wife of her husband. "You pour it down

"Yes, because I am stronger than Tommy. If Tommy were street,ger than I, he would doubtless pour it down

"ABBY CRIED AND JACK CRIED."

How a Carrier Boy Fell in Love with a Little Whitehead. [Detroit Free Press.]

It has been going on for a year past. Jack is a carrier for one of the dailies, and his circuit takes in a house on Scott street. One day last spring a baby crowed at him from an open door on that street, and Jack tossed an apple into the hall. The next day the baby was watching for him, and after three or four days the boy made bold to slip up the steps and pat the little chap on the head and leave the stick of candy he had purchased two miles away. As time went on Jack came to know that the baby was fatherless, and that its mother was pale-faced and hardly able to drag about. It was weeks before she spoke to him, but the baby took to Jack right away and was always ready for his coming. After the first week it was always clean-faced, but it was a good while before Jack roused up the courage to give him a kiss and to ask for one in return. After that it was plain sailing, and the neighbors became interested. It was queer enough that a boy like Jack, having his own way to make and roughing it until he had become suspicious and hard-hearted, should catch on to a little whitehead, and be more than a big brother to him, but that was what happened. And something more. One day he

brought up a quarter of a pound of tea and left it where the mother would find it, and this was followed by other parcels and articles. One day he missed the baby, and crept into the hall to find that he had cried himself to sleep, and that the mother was ill and helpless. Jack roused up the neighbors, and whatever was eaten in that house for two weeks was purchased with Jack's money. The mother could only thank him and weep. She could not speak ten words of English.

A fortnight ago Jack missed baby again, and again he found the mother ill. Friends were with her this time and she did not suffer for care. A week ago there was crape on the door as the carrier went his round, and baby had been carried off by a neighbor. When Jack came around next day, the mother had been buried, and people were watching to tell him that the house was to be vacated and baby was to go to a distant city. He had been brought back to bid the carrier goodby, and the poor and lowly people drew off with tears in their eyes, and Jack sat on the door-steps and took baby in his lap and smoothed his white head and kissed his red cheeks. Baby clung around his neck and seemed to realize that he was to lose a friend, and, as

one who stood by expressed it: "The baby cried and Jack cried, and the women put their aprons up and sobbed like children. When they finally took the child away Jack's heart was big enough to break, and throwing his arms around the little child for the last time he turned and ran away and

How They Conquer.

[New York Cor. Utica Herald.] It is often a matter of interesting indience. To this it may be replied that John Philip Kemble rendered Hamlet in such solemn majesty that it won admiration. Garrick on the other hand mastered the sympathies of the public by the intensity of Lear's misfortunes. Mrs. Siddons enchanted every one by stately dignity combined with her power over the emotional nature. Cooke had so much natural mischief that he made an inimitable Iago, Kean was master of the passions and electrified the an dience by displays of this character Forrest's greater power was his fine figure and tremendous voice, which indeed rendered him often s mere ranter. Booth, like Kemble, gives us the dreamy, meditative Hamlet in all the fullness of dignity awakened to indignation. Miss Cush man had a strong magnetic power which made her very ugliness fascinating. Coming down to other performers. it has been said that Mary Anderson attracts audiences by a peculiar ease of glibness of voice, while Fannie Davenport's power is in her fine personal appearance. Rose Evtinge works upon the sympathies. Maggie Mitchell's forte is youthful vivacity, while it is said of Clara Morris that she has tears in her voice. Hence she finds no difficulty in making the audience weep. Kate Claxton, on the other hand, is differs from the regulation German always burned out, or else in some other danger of the fire king, and this, of course, renders her an object of curiosity. The dramatic stars thus differ in glory to a degree that often sur-

> On the Wrong Foot. [Norwalk Hour.]

A little Norwalk boy got a sliver in his foot, and a motion to poultice the wound, made by his mother and seconded by his grandmother, was carried in spite of his objections. He kicked and screamed, and protested that he would not submit to any such indignity, but the majority against him was two to one, and the poultice was made ready. It was arranged that the grandmother should apply the poultice while the patient's mother stood over him with a stick with authority and instructions to apply that also if he made the least show of resistance.

When all was ready the youngster was placed on the bed and operations began. As the hot poultice touched the boy's foot, he opened his mouth to say something, but his mother with the stick, awed him into silence. Again the boy strove to make himself heard, and again the upraised stick warned him to be quiet. In a few short minutes the poultice was firmly in place, and the boy was tacked up in bed, there to remain until the medicine had done its work. As the urchin's termentors moved away, a shrill, small voice from under the bedelothes: "You've dot it on the wrong fooot!"

American Ways,

[Chicago Tribune.] London is fast adopting American manners. There are now seven hotels, each to contain 1,000 bedrooms, in course of construction in that city. Many rich London people prefer boarding in hotels to keeping house.

DUEL WITH A SHARK.

A Kanaka Kills a Shark in a Handto-Hand Encounter.

*[San Francisco Cor. Enquirer.] Every soul on board crowded to the sides to witness the duel. It was bound to be war to the death. One or both of the combatants must die. The brute was what is known as a right shark, and was about thirteen feet long. His black and shining back set with sharp fins, made meshudder and grow deathfy

Ubukia met the first rush of the monster by darting aside and letting the huge hulk go by him. He made a lunge with his sword at the tail as it whisked past, and a thin line of blood on the clear water told that his aim had been a good one. While the shark was near he swam with half his body out of the water, taking good care that his legs were never much below the surface; but when it went by he dropped to the neck and looked up at us with a grin on his coffee-colored face.

"Me kill um!" he shouted. The next rush was similar to the first, but this time, when the white belly showed itself, Ubukia was beside it We saw the point of his sword-blade enter its right eye, and then the native dived, coming up thirty yards away.

I began to breathe easier now. The

fellow carried himself in the water with as much ease as the fish itself, and his sword gave him an advantage, while the shark's inability to use its jaws without turning over was another point

in his favor.

The fish seemed to be fairly maddened by the last wound, and we could see its dorsal fin ripping through the water for a second, and then it went down out of sight, leaving nothing but the Kanaka visible on the wide stretch of water. If the sight of the monster was horrible, how much worse was its disappearance! We did not know upon what side of the devoted swimmer it would come up, and we held our breath, waiting as one waits when a diver has been under water for a long time, and every minute seems an hour.

The grin had left the native's face, and he kept whirling about like a teeto-tum, ready to meet the attack at any

After the lapse of a few minutes the familiar fin came into sight again, and Ubukia's body rested with his eyes on the enemy. There was no rushing on the shark's part now. It advanced slowly, ready to swerve with the slightest motion of the native. It seemed determined to approach him so slowly that its momentum could not possibly carry it past him. He waited until its muzzle was not ten feet from him, and then, assuming the aggressive, he darted forward, buried his blade to the hilt in its eye, and then swam leisurely to the

For ten minutes the water within a radius of 500 yards was lashed into a white foam by the dying struggles of the monster. At times he would throw himself completely out of the water, showing us the whole of his round, tapering body and ugly mouth. Finally, however, he rested belly upward without a motion, and Ubukia's face glis-

"Good," said be, climbing into his

canoe, "me kill um."

How Pretzeis Are Made. (Cleveland Press.) Pretzels are made of the best yeast I have, finally, after a quarter of a cendough, such as is used in bread. The tury, whittled down all philosophy, all bologna sausage. Then the strips are is nothing new under the sun.' The each end of this section of dough with easier. There is no possible addition the thumb and forefingers the pretzel that can be made to the world of ideas. the mass, and lo! the pretzel is shaped. | whittling and sharpening again. Then it, with a dozen or more of its fellows, is dropped into a kettle of boil- If I don't they will get away. I put ing lye, from which they are fished in them down in this book, sometimes less than half a minute. That half a twenty a day." The book looked like minute, however, suffices to give them that brown cast of countenance and for the latter for Josh Billings' paracrisp texture which makes them so graphs are worth a dollar apiece. agreeable, while just enough of the lye

clings to them to improve their flavor. Pretzels are said to be aids to digestion, the lye that remains on them stimulating the gastric juices. As soon as the pretzel is taken from the lye it is sprinkled with salt and baked rapidly in a very hot oven. The steam pretzel cracknel (for the word pretzel means cracknel), in that it is made of cracker dough, and after being boiled in lye, backed and placed in a box, is dried by steam. The soft pretzel is not a durable commodity. Indeed, it becomes inedible after two or three days, while the hard steam pretzel is as imperishable as hard-tack, and is a delicacy even at the mature age of six months.

Married for Meeps. [Texas Siftings.] The skipper of a coal boat on the Baltimore & Ohio canal recently decided after mature deliberation and careful consideration, to marry his cook who had been a tried and faithful lying upon the plate, being held servant to him for quite a number of down by a gold and a silver coin. servant to him for quite a number of his perilous trips on the storm-lashed canal. So he spoke to her about the matter one day, and after securing her coy consent, he ordered the boat tied up at a small town, and, being a practical skipper, skipped up street after a parson. The nuptial knot was soon tied, the parson beaten down to a dollar and a half for his fee, and then the

canal boatman said: "Well, Melindy, we are married fur keeps, now. We are hitched fur life. and must pull together. I'm a little short-handed to-day, and as that lead mule has got saddle galls on his back, you jist take the tow path, and lead him down to Harper's Ferry, an' I'll steer, an' kinder ruminate on some plan to give you work on the boat without going ashore in the mud. I've got a powerful sight more respect for you now, that you're my wife."

By the Mississippi overflow of last year Louisiana claims to have been damaged to the extent of \$60,000,000.

A possession of honesty by some people makes us think of a blacksmith with a white silk apron on.

Expensive Match Safes.

[Boston Budget. Two ladies, one elderly, the other young, sauntered to a counter in Tiffany's, New York, and asked to see some

pocket match safes. "Of any particular kind, or at any special price?" the salesman inquired. We want to select one from the prettiest you have," the young lady re-

The salesman showed several in bronze with raised designs in silver. One of the designs was a cluster of small growing daisies and a bug hovering over it. The *salesman pressed & spring, the top flew open, there, was crack and a flash, and a wax match stood bold upright ignited. The hinge on which the lid worked was perforated, and by a peculiar spring the match immediately beneath the perforation was thrust through it and ignited by the friction.

"How much is this?" the elderly lady

"Twenty-five dollars, madam." "Oh, mamma," the young lady said in an undertone, "I don't care to get a match safe so cheap as that for him.' "Let me see some other designs,"

said the elderly lady. She was shown some more in copper, with raised letters and monograms in silver, and at about the same price. The young lady shook her head negatively at these, and also at some beautiful safes of fine tortoise shell with silver

"You can have initials of silver or gold on these," the salesman remarked,

"and on these of alligator skin." But none of these was satisfactory, and the salesman brought out another, saving: "These range from \$50 to

The most expensive one was a safe of gold beaten and lumped so that ooked like rich ore. A diamond s in one of the lumps indicated the p tion of the spring. The cheapest wa beaten silver with a ruby. From lot the young lady selected one in bea gold, with burnished gold designs and small diamond. It cost \$125. A man looking through the entire lot would have undoubtedly selected that in copper and silver first shown as the most tasteful and practicable.

Josh Billings' Methods.

["Cornwall" in Inter Ocean.] I was traveling recently in New England when I dropped into a seat, onehalf of which was already occupied by a man whose appearance would attract remark and observation under the most ordinary circumstances.

He wore a broad-brimmed hat of felt. It was so large that it required a big head to carry it off. But the head was big, the eyes bland and benevolent, though in speaking he contrived to withdraw them under bushy brows, and hold them there twinkling until you had laughed at his witticism, when his whole face relaxed and you laughed again at the extraordinary transformation. This was Mr. Shaw as Josh Billings, our Yankee Rochefoucauld, who is a constant oasis and well-spring of wit in & great American desert of "alleged" humor.

without missing a week for one story paper," he said in the course of a conversation. "I am nothing but a paragrapher, and acknowledge what I can't put in two lines I can't express at all. dough is rolled into a wide plastic ex- wisdom, and all ignorance into the parpanse, a piece is cut off and rolled into | agraphs of Solomon, in which he aca long cylinder about the diameter of a knowledged himself a plagiarist. 'There cut into sections about three inches | most a man can do with a thought is to long, tapering off at each end. Seizing sharpen an end of it so it will go in baker crosses his hands, presses the And not a shaving is ever lost. Some ends of this section into the middle of poor fellow picks it up and goes to

"I have to catch my ideas on the run. a grocery or a bank book. It answered

"I see you have drawn lines over several pages," I said: "are those condenmed or useless jokes?" "No sir. I never correct anything after it is on paper. Those have been 'run off,' copied off, I mean, and sent to the printer."

What the Treasury People Fear. [New York Herald.]

What the treasury people fear in the future is that their paper issued may by duplicated by the means employed by the photo-lithographers. It is possible with the aid of photo-lithography to duplicate every line of the most skillful ar intricate engraving. This fact was brought to the attention of the department not long ago.

The statutes forbid any imitation of the currency of the country for the purposes of advertisement. This is not generally understood. A New York brewer recently devised a business card in the shape of a plate with several bills of different denominations He had employed regular bills as the models for the work, and the result is absolutely startling. What portions of the bills that show in the careless piling are absolutely perfect. They were reproduced by photo-lithography and then colored exactly like the originals. The plates were all seized, and the brewer notified that he was a violator of the law, although his intent was innocent.

This discovery has set the officials to thinking. With the right kind of paper any skillfal photo-lithographer could get up millions in a very short time. To guard against the danger and to provide means of detecting such counterfeits are as yet unsolved problems.

Pumping Out the Sea.

The Dutch at one time thought of pumping out the Zuyder Zee, and asked Mr. Bookwalter, of Ohio, for an estimate for turbine wheels to be worked by the tide. They wanted 100 turbines, which would have cost \$2,000 each. The work may yet be done.

The total outflow of all the mineral waters of France is estimated at 10,334 gallens per minute.